

THE CLAN
AND OTHER POEMS

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and other poems



by

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illustrations by
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RICHMOND VIRGINIA

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INTRODUCTORY NOTES

THE CLAN

Before the days of public bathing pools and youth camps, talking motion pictures and other things to interest growing boys, many of us whiled away time in Clark Spring park, Riverview and Shields Woods, with swimming in the James River or the old canal, and camping and picnicking on the fringe of the city before everyone had a car to drive out into the country.

Whenever the boys commandeered supplies such as canned goods or a plump hen, some little ranger would find himself assigned to special detail after school hours or on Saturdays under order of a stern parent who frowned on pantry raiding. But all in all the boys were orderly and none ever was hauled to the Juvenile Court.

JACINTA WITH SILVER LUTE

"Jacinta with Silver Lute," was suggested by the Legend mentioned by Washington Irving in his "The Alhambra."

The story relates that in the time of Philip V, who as a French prince married an Italian princess and took the Spanish throne, Jacinta lived in one of the quaint quarters of the Alhambra when it was only in temporary use of the Spanish monarch.

This Spanish girl mysteriously came in possession of a silver lute said to be a gift to Jacinta from a long deceased Moorish princess who once possessed it. Jacinta not only learned to play the lute well but charmed her way into the Spanish court and into the heart of the queen's favorite page.

HERNANDO DESOTO

Boys and girls in school read of the discoveries of Hernando DeSoto, how he was sent as Governor to Cuba, that he sailed in several ships to Florida and with a party of soldiers and adventurers set out overland on a hazardous expedition through the pathless wilderness.

These brief facts do not mention the lovely wife left in Cuba nor does it tell of those last hours of the great explorer. The author of this poem imagines what DeSoto might have said if he could have foreseen the future, and that such remarks would have sounded as the delirious babbling of a fever distorted mind. Today we know it is no dream when someone says: "I see bright winged crafts range the azure sky."

COLUMBUS DAY

The daring voyage of Columbus and his companions across an uncharted ocean; the discovery of a new land and the opening of the western world to European colonization tends to put all the emphasis on the daring and sturdiness of these explorers.

It should be remembered that Columbus sought aid for his projected voyage of discovery from various countries. He tried in Italy, then Portugal, England and France but all in vain. For fifteen years he cherished the plan of sailing west to get to the Indies. When he finally obtained an interview at the Spanish court his plan was ridiculed by the King's advisors.

Columbus was leaving Spain in despair when a messenger of the Spanish queen overtook him and informed him that Queen Isabella would back his projected trip of exploration if the King would not.

WAGERING

Only boys used to the usual chores of a farm can appreciate the luxury of lying in the shade on a hot summer day to watch the gymnastics of a windmill in the fitful breezes of that season of the year.

How far removed is the life of the boy who spends his leisure in a quiet rural spot from that of many a grown-up of today who must resort to a casino for relaxation whenever there is time on his hands.

From one extreme to another the world moves on. When a boy of six the author in company of his parents had a look inside a wood turning plant and when inquiring about the "pretty sticks" was told they were blackboard pointers—now days he is told they are billiard cues. Just what do they do with them?

YOU ARE A MODEST SIMPLE FLOWER

We who have had the opportunity to pause in our work and gaze over the Capitol Square of the capital of the Old Dominion have often admired the green grass, fresher than anywhere else; tall trees with more frolicking squirrels than anywhere else, and the flowering trees so typical of Virginia.

Among the throngs streaming by the park grounds where a giant tulip poplar stands guard near the Old Bell Tower, there are many pretty girls whose freshness and grace is like the pleasing blooms of the tulip when in flower. No need of the vision of a Burns or Wordsworth to feel the call of spring when April brings out the girls and tulip poplar blooms.

MAHLE, MÜHLE, MAHLE

In one of Hermann Löns books of short stories there is mention of a town by the name of Winkel where an inn in the heath was often visited by the German story teller.

When the writer wanted to find a gristmill where the miller might be heard singing like Dehmel in his Erntelied: "Mahle, Mühle, Mahle" he came in his atlas to Hanover, the familiar setting of the Pied Piper of Hamelin.

With the coming of the roller mill many of the watermills have been relegated to mere landmarks. However, in some parts of the world including our own mountain regions the gristmill is still doing good service. Many people believe that water ground corn is sweeter and more healthful than that ground by the steel roller.

THE RECOMPENSE

Leafing through an old history book, the author was impressed with one little incident and laid down the book to jot down the lines on the crowning of the infant king, Henry VI.

At nine months of age the baby was king and his uncles ruled and misruled for him. England was torn by the "War of Roses". The French through the inspiration of Joan of Arc drove the English out of France.

Henry VI was fond of scholars and teachers and founded the school at Eton and Kings College at Cambridge. Edward IV gained the throne and Henry VI died miserably in the tower—the recompense!

SOUTHLAND BREEZES

The vocal and piano arrangement for this lyric has never been published and should any reader be musically inclined and wish to make his own arrangement, who knows, it may prove more pleasing than the one originally made for the author of the poem.

Those who love to dream of southern waters and refreshing breezes, can drift along to beckoning scenes in fancy if not of good fortune to visit some ideal home or vacation spot.

THE SUN IS ONE (As Araucanians Count)

South America like the northern continent had its colorful aborigines. Of all those that the Spanish invaders came against, the Araucanians were the most war-like and fought the most successfully to retain their freedom.

The unequal struggle between the Spaniards and the Indian in southern Chile aroused the interest of many writers and poets. The epic of Alonso de Ercilla is perhaps the best one written in Spanish.

While there is peace now between the Chilians and the Araucanians, they have never been completely subjugated and still follow many of their ancient customs and practice their religion unmolested.

FAIRY FLOWERS

The world of flowers is a fascinating one. The writer has made a number of attempts to grow pink-flowering dogwoods but without success. One spring when sauntering thru his woods he came upon a dogwood sprinkled with pink blossoms while all around the more common white dogwoods bloomed. Nearby the yellow and pink lady slippers were hanging on their individual stems and in sunnier areas other wild flowers were giving that soft touch to the world that only fairies could possibly impart. No one poem can express the various moods of man or boy. "Fairy Flowers" is one of the moods of spring.

CAPTIVE KINGS

It is interesting to note that various species of trees have been brought to California from the four corners of the earth. The pepper tree, eucalyptus, a variety of palms and many others have found a home in our second largest state. Fruit trees, including pomegranate, orange, avocado and papaya have found a friendly home.

After ages of natural separation it is somewhat odd that the world's tallest tree, the eucalyptus should find a home near the tree whose overall measure makes it the largest, the Sequoia. California is truly a land of giants.

I CAN RECALL

In the New England states everyone becomes acquainted with "maple syrup time," just as in the south we are familiar with "sorghum syrup time". One of the first cheering signs of spring is to see the rock maples here and there lining the highways turning drummer boys with their red colored buckets like drums.

St. Johnsbury, Vermont may be the "maple syrup capital of the world," but to the owner of a "sugar bush" or grove of rock maples, making maple syrup and sugar is still a home industry free from corporate monopolies.

AMONG DAKOTA'S HILLS

The author feels that Gutzon Borglum ranks as the greatest of modern sculptors and regrets that Borglum was not permitted to carry out the wonderful array of Confederate heroes athwart the everlasting rock at Stone Mountain, Georgia.

Perhaps it is because of Borglum's rebuff in Georgia that to many of us, his carving of Rushmore is an answer to carping critics and a challenge to disappointed people to meet set-backs with fortitude.

The rugged individualism of the four presidents selected for the memorial gave Borglum the inspiration and the will to carry on, in the face of physical difficulties and financial troubles, to hew out a lasting page of history.

STRAYED DAYS

Too many of us can look back on our boyhood days and realize that in that carefree age we gave little heed to the swift passage of time.

We can recall the hours we whiled away playing games; the times spent in sauntering over the fields in spring, swimming during the hot summer days, and in the autumn roving hill and dale for chestnuts, butternuts and anything that seemed worth gathering in before the winter snows covered everything and left only sleigh riding and ice skating as a pastime.

To everyone there comes a time when we think of those times as the "good old days." It is almost a jolt to realize that "the wheels of time never turn back."

THE BUDDED BOUGH

The story of the "golden apples of Hesperides" is one of the favorites of young people. Those of us who have had the good fortune in our early years to come upon fruit of different variety on a tree know the thrill we imagine was experienced by those in quest of the "golden apples" of mythology.

Many of us who have had occasion to bud and graft fruit know the satisfaction of getting two or more varieties to grow on a tree or of changing the root stock of trees or shrubs. The young generation unfamiliar with the operation is doubly pleased to "discover" fruit contrary to the usual nature of things in different color and flavor. This in our time is like the quest of the "golden apples of Hesperides," which historians now say were citrus gold.



THE CLAN

The breath of spring now bringing
The crysalis bright wings,
In woodlands green was flinging
The gold of elfin kings.

While out of city alleys
For many blocks around
The gathering clan sallies
Out to its camping ground.

From temples of book-learning,
The joyous band drew nigh,
The white halls quickly spurning
For blue of vaulted sky.

Here the fresh fields were calling
The carefree happy group.
Here all spring was enthralling
The little noisy troupe.

Their stronghold was right sturdy
Made of the slab and board,
And might've been even worthy
A more exacting horde.

With spirits high and toiling
They fanned the fire aglow
And set the pot to boiling
As rangers will, you know.

The chicken that was steaming
In gravy rich and brown
Had rashly been day dreaming
Atop a fence in town.

In peace the time was fleeting
In the grove hid from view
Where in lighthearted meeting
They held their rendezvous.

The hours were passing brightly
When o'er the field there came
A fellow not so knightly—
"King" Kelly by nick-name.

The door was locked 'gainst danger,
The window blind drawn tight.
None wished to face the stranger—
The clan just dropped from sight.

But the fire still was glowing,
The breath of chicken pie
Told how the wind was blowing,
The bully wouldn't pass by.

"Thump! Thump!" fists were resounding
Upon the rattling door,
Nor did the "King" cease pounding—
His voice rose to a roar:

"Come, let me in and hurry!
No use for me to hide.
You cannot all make merry
And leave me here outside."

There was no use hiding.
The truant began to shout
He wasn't given to chiding—
He spoke with cuff and clout.

So Jackie, then presiding
Waved bolt to be turned back.
In manner most confiding
Bid Kelly to the shack.

"Billie's ill—measles perhaps.
We don't want wind to blow
And give him a bad relapse;
Measles are bad, you know.

"Come and show your hands, Billie,
'King' Kelly wants to see—
Don't fidget like a filly,
It gives the 'creeps' to me."

"Gee! I see red spots showing.
I'll take no chance like you.
Keep your stew for I'm going.
I don't want measles too."

"King" Kelly has few worries—
Measles are one of few.
Across the fields he scurries
And waits for no ones stew.

The clan, well out of danger,
Sends up a joyous cry
To hail the little ranger
Who found bloodroot nearby.

"You, Billie stop your griping,
For from your hands and face
You may be cleanly wiping
Those spots of your disgrace."

"You, and Pete and Fat Freddie,
And Bob, and John and Slim,
All of you think already
That we are rid of him.

"But I'll have to be dodging
'King' Kelly, for a while
Or in bed I'll be lodging—
So how can I now smile?"

This moral I'm discerning:
Don't use as a sheer ruse
That measles have you burning
Or someone'll "cook your goose."



JACINTA WITH SILVER LUTE

(Song of the Rose of Alhambra)

I
In courts like paradise abloom,
The sun on Castile's castle shone.
The page was musing deep in gloom,
The page was strolling there alone.

Cho.
'Tis better far to be in love in spring
When cloudless skies are blue above
'Tis better far to feel like a king
Than be king with no one to love.
It is hard to be in paradise—
To be there all alone.
It is hard to be in paradise
With no one for your own.

II

Jacinta, you can lift the gloom
With silver lute of magic tone.
Let haunting sweet strains fill the room
Where your page waiting sits alone.

III

The page recalls the sweet perfume
Of roses, fairest ever grown.
Jacinta's love now is the bloom
The royal page claims for his own.



HERNANDO DESOTO

I've found a mighty stream and in its roar
There is a dauntless voice that seems to say:
"I'm the 'Father of Waters'—seek no more,
But rest your weary body here and stay."

I feel the fever burn my aching brow
And though I yearn to sail down this broad
stream
There is a voice that echoes: "No. Not, now!"
I know not whether I hear or I dream.

I dream of countless sailless ships that ply
The river deep for which I've traveled far.
I see bright winged crafts range the azure sky
And cities rise beyond the sandy bar.

'Tis in vain, Isabel, you wait for me
And gaze upon the Cuban sky so blue.
These waters at my feet flow out to sea,
But I can never sail back home to you.

Weep not, my Isabel—Fate urged me on
To die here in the wilderness alone.
Weep not, my Isabel—when I am gone
Set up for me no memorial stone.

My good mates, I know 'tis my journey's end.
This body, that long has led me to roam,
Consign to the great stream—a deathless friend!
My spirit will guide you back to your home;

Back to the Cuban castle by the sea
Where my bride daily climbs the winding stairs,
Still gazing for the ship that should bear me,
Who dying, remember her in my prayer..



ROSE OF DALE

York's rose is white as bursting haw—
Lancaster's rose is red as wine.
The roses blooming for the Shah
Are yellow as the bright sunshine.

Of all the fairest blooms that grow
In nearby dell or distant vale
None can beguile my heart, I know
As you, my lovely Rose of Dale.

Your sweet charm lingers in your eyes
Like memories of by-gone years
They know the sunshine of blue skies,
They know the mist of starting tears.

How little it can me avail
To think my fancies will depart.
You are my rose, my Rose of Dale,
You are the keeper of my heart.

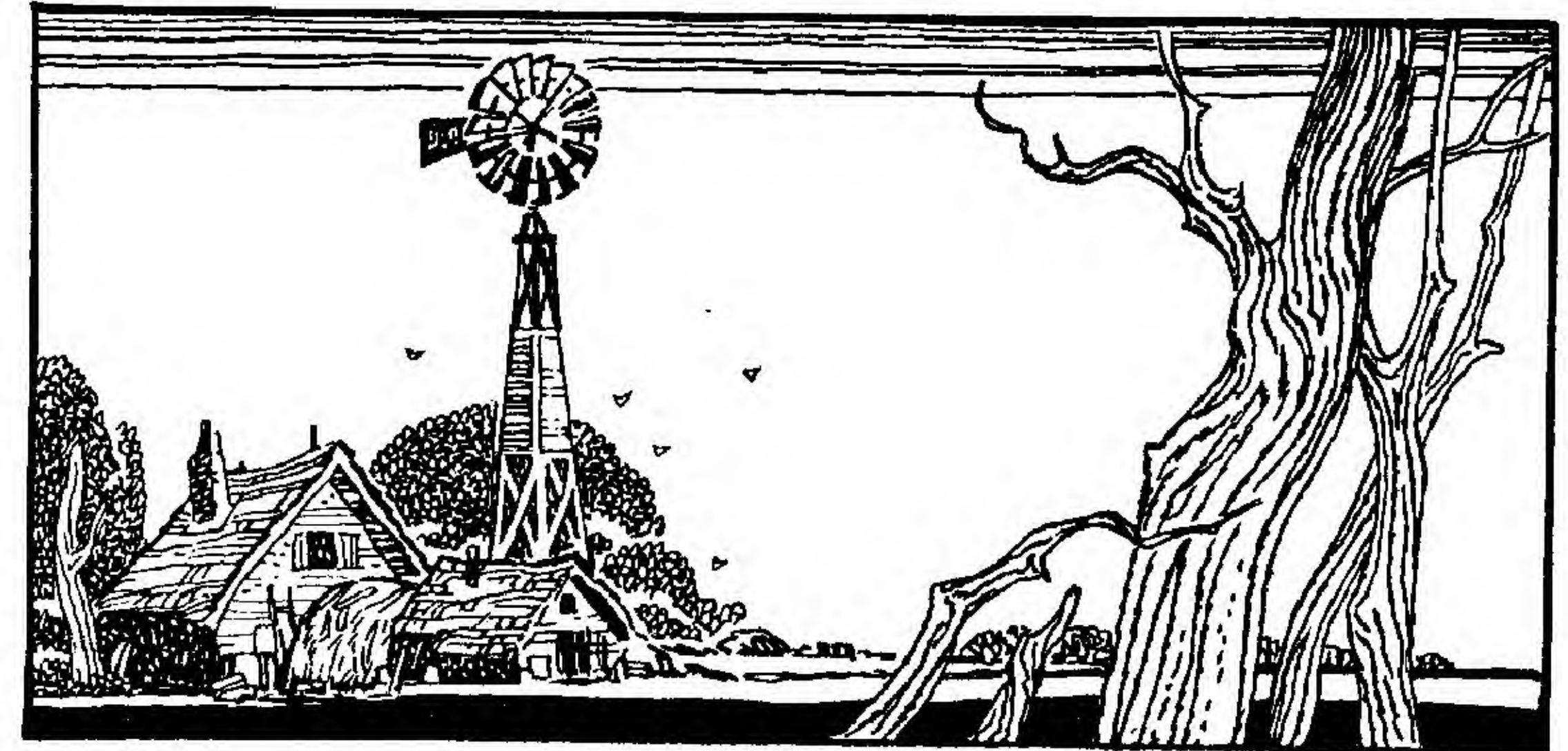
MOTHERS

A former president's wife years ago
Gave birth to a son one October day
And all the world did greatest honor show
And for their happiness devoutly pray.

In a farm house built strong to bear the clime
Among New England's snowy windswept hills
A boy was born at almost the same time
With neither silver spoon nor fancy frills.

The president's wife in her motherhood
Was worthy all attention that was shown.
That the world pay homage is well and good
To a mother whose graces were well known.

To me the mother with the greatest charm—
The one I know was so superbly fine
Was the unsung one on New England farm
For she was that dear mother that was mine.



WAGERING

Did you ever ponder at ease
On the crest of a grassy hill
And watch a brisk frolicing breeze
Unflagging in its aim to tease
A lagging and wig-wagging mill?

The breeze went biz and wiz this way—
And it went biz and wiz in that.
It stopped and started in its play
Like an angry spitting mean tom-cat.

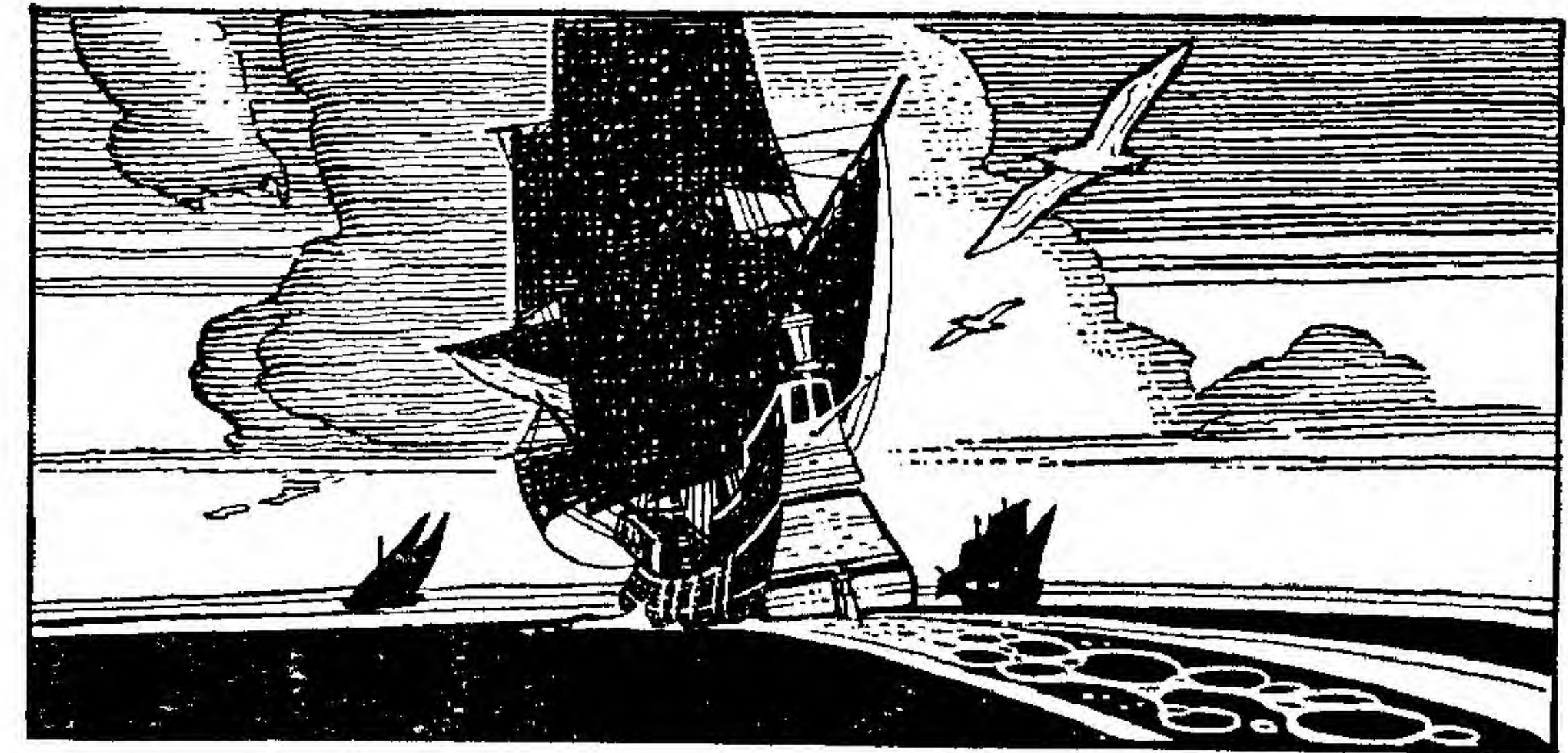
The mill would swing its arm to right,
The breeze would rush in for the kill.
Until it looked as if the fight
Would wreck the creaking old windmill.

The wind then ceased to crowd the vane,
And finally had to slow down,
But the fan wheel with might and main
Went spinning like a whirling clown.

Those were the days when we could feel
The scented breath of spring entrance,
And change a mill's fast whirring wheel
To a boys magic wheel of chance.

We'd wager the blooms spread below—
Or song birds in their nest nearby.
No matter how the wheel would go,
We won all between earth and sky.

You who are intrigued by the glance
Of Reno's whirling wheels of sin,
Just try a saner wheel of chance
And like us you are bound to win.



COLUMBUS DAY

"Stay your footsteps, Captain, stay!
The queen calls you to Santa Fe.
Do not pass Pinos Bridge there—
The queen will hear your earnest prayer.
Go back and plead once again
For ships you need and sturdy men.

"If you'd sail as you have yearned,
Don't mind that lately you were spurned.
Turn and ere another morn
You will have the quest none can scorn—
Quest to claim a distant land
To people with a mighty band."

Each year our flags are unfurled
To mark the start of a New World,
But we little note now or care
Or little we may be aware
It was at Pinos that day
A man turned and took the right way!

CLASSMATES

You feel thrilled and proud when you hear
That your old classmates have gained quite some
fame.

You find it brings a bit of cheer
That their esteemed acquaintance you can claim.

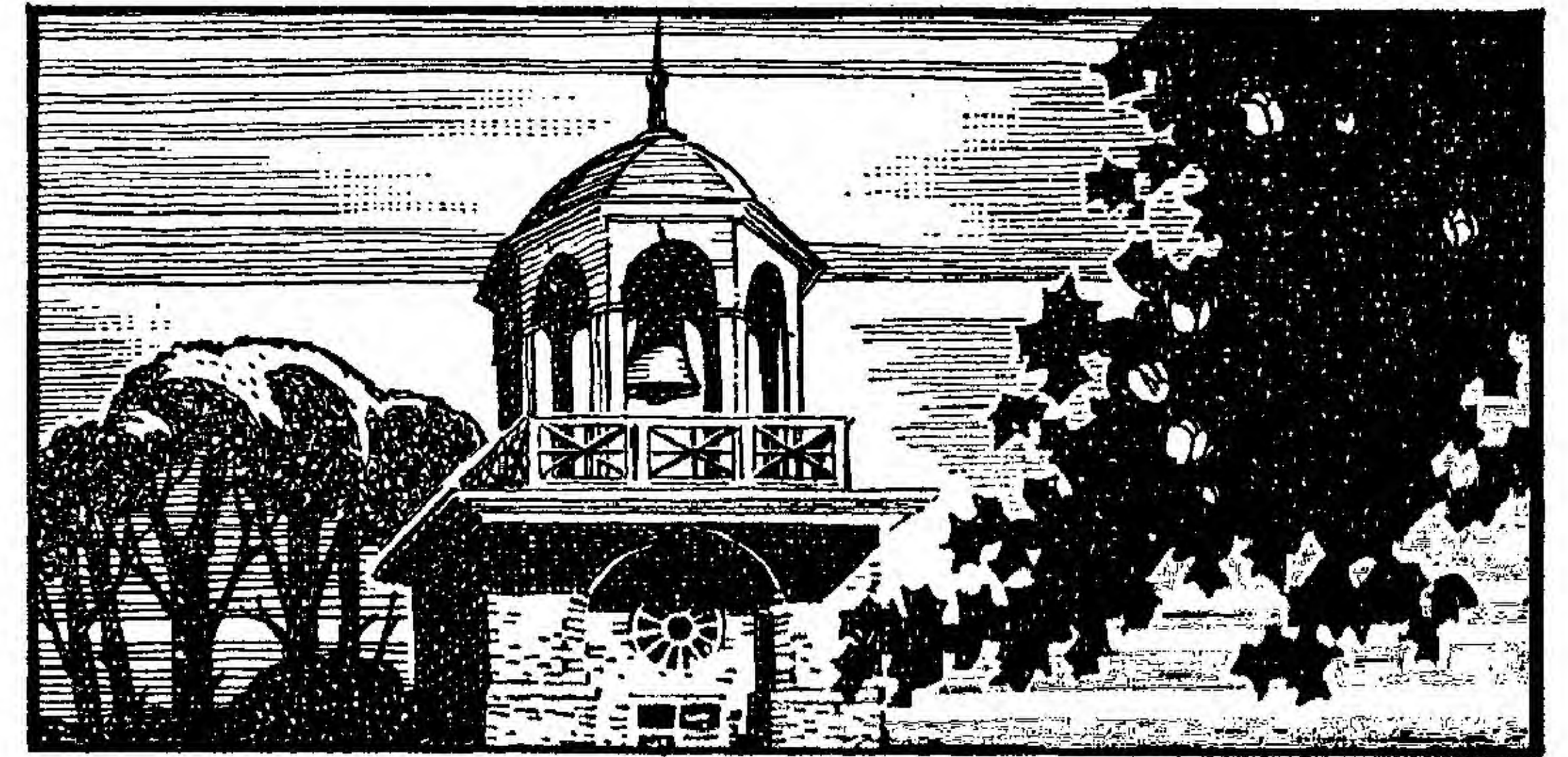
One in Hollywood gained renown.
One has won the most prized gold naval braid.
One has received a judge's gown.
One in Art a distinguished name has made.

You realize the years have flown
And many other classmates dear to you
To fame and fortune are unknown—
They strove to gain some recognition too.

You think of Laura you scarce knew,
But know that she has been gone many years.
You stroll the fields of mem'ry through—
The memories too dear for sighs and tears.

You wonder why fate was unkind
To one so gentle of heart and of soul.
You wonder why she's on your mind
Through slumbering long years that onward roll.

Oh, Laura, sleep on that deep sleep
That knows no morning sun nor nightly dew!
Though hearts too heavy are to weep—
They cherish still fond memories of you.



YOU'RE A MODEST SIMPLE FLOWER

(Tulip Poplar Blooms)

Shyly hiding in green bower,
Swaying gently to and fro.
You're a modest simple flower.
Do not mind my saying so.

Peeping from your leafy curtain
That has hid your wondrous grace,
Of one thing you've made me certain—
In my heart you've won a place.

April breezes softly blowing
Found you curled in dainty green,
But this Maytime you are glowing
Like a woodland gypsy queen.

None might guess while on you gazing
Ere your petals did unfold
That your beauty was amazing,
That your heart was filled with gold.

When the thoughtless urchins peering
 Everywhere to pluck a gem
 See you high above them rearing,
 They know you are not for them.

After sunshine and the shower,
 Who'll essay your priceless worth?
 You are more than just a flower—
 You're the one gives great trees birth!



MAHLE, MÜHLE, MAHLE

In green decked Dinkel-Winkel,
 This side / the hills of Hildesheim,
 Where cowbells tinkle-tinkle,
 And sleepy dorf bells softly chime,
 A millwheel melancholy
 To grinding millstones sings this song:
 "Molly-Mylly-Molly
 Oh grind, mill, grind the whole day long."

In friendly Dinkel-Winkel,
 This side / the hills of Hildesheim,
 From dawn till bright stars twinkle,
 In winter and in summertime,
 A miller kind and jolly
 Sings as he grinds the golden grain.
 "Molly-Mylly-Molly"
 Is the burden of his refrain.

You, who seek Dinkel-Winkel,
This side / the hills of Hildesheim,
Do not let your brow wrinkle
O'er the good miller's ancient rhyme,
As ancient as the holly,
He sings as the waterwheel whirls.
"Molly-Mylly-Molly"
Is not one of his dearest girls.

To live in Dinkel-Winkel,
This side / the hills of Hildesheim;
To hear the bells tinkle-tinkle
Would seem to you and me sublime,
But it would be sheer folly
To think as you heard this lone chord,
"Molly-Mylly-Molly"
Is the one that is most adored.



I PASSED YOUR GARDEN

It was the close of zestful day
When worldly cares seem far away.
You in the glow of springtime rare
Were in your garden standing there

Mid plots where flowers shyly hide
Till the stars at eveningtide
Have dimmed the light of sky ceiled dome
And blessed them in their earthly home.

I stood a while and scarce could stir—
A princess then to me you were,
And being but a country lad,
I turned and passed so strangely sad.

THE RECOMPENSE

The barons were a crafty band
And knew full well to strongly cling
To the old custom grave and grand
To crown the "Lord's Anointed" King.

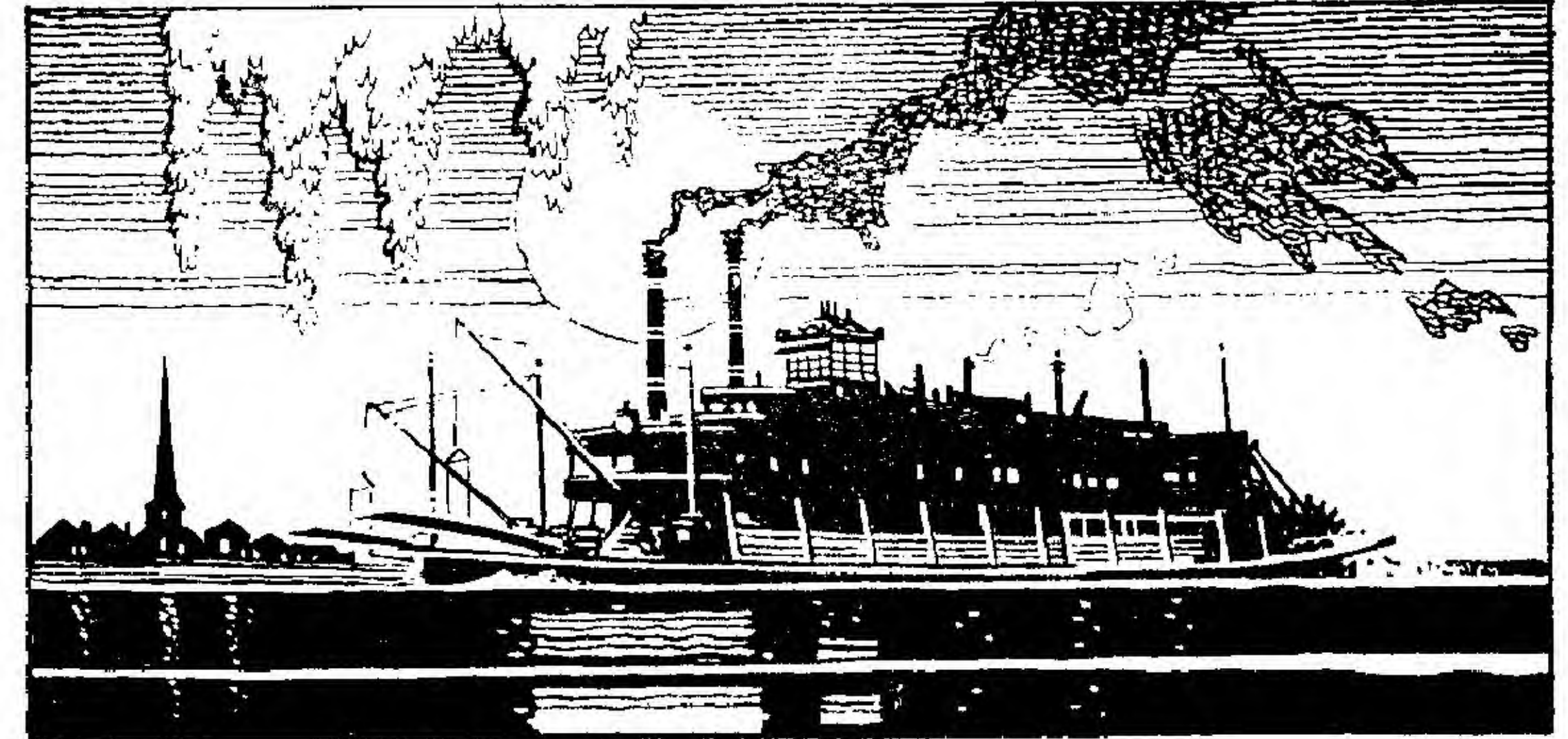
And thus it was the barons met
To crown a babe of simple charm
And on its head then duly set
A bracelet from his mother's arm.

A baby king of lands o'er sea
Where peasant maid was dreaming long
That all France might once more be free
And set aright each crying wrong.

The world recalls the peasant maid
Who in France's gloomiest hour
Led the brave men that were arrayed
Against the might of England's power.

Down through the years the praises ring
Of maid who died a martyr bold,
While of sad lot of luckless king
But little now is being told.

Such is the course that life can take—
Such the thanks for those who served well—
The peasant girl at burning stake—
The king consigned to dismal cell!



SOUTHLAND BREEZES BLOW AGAIN

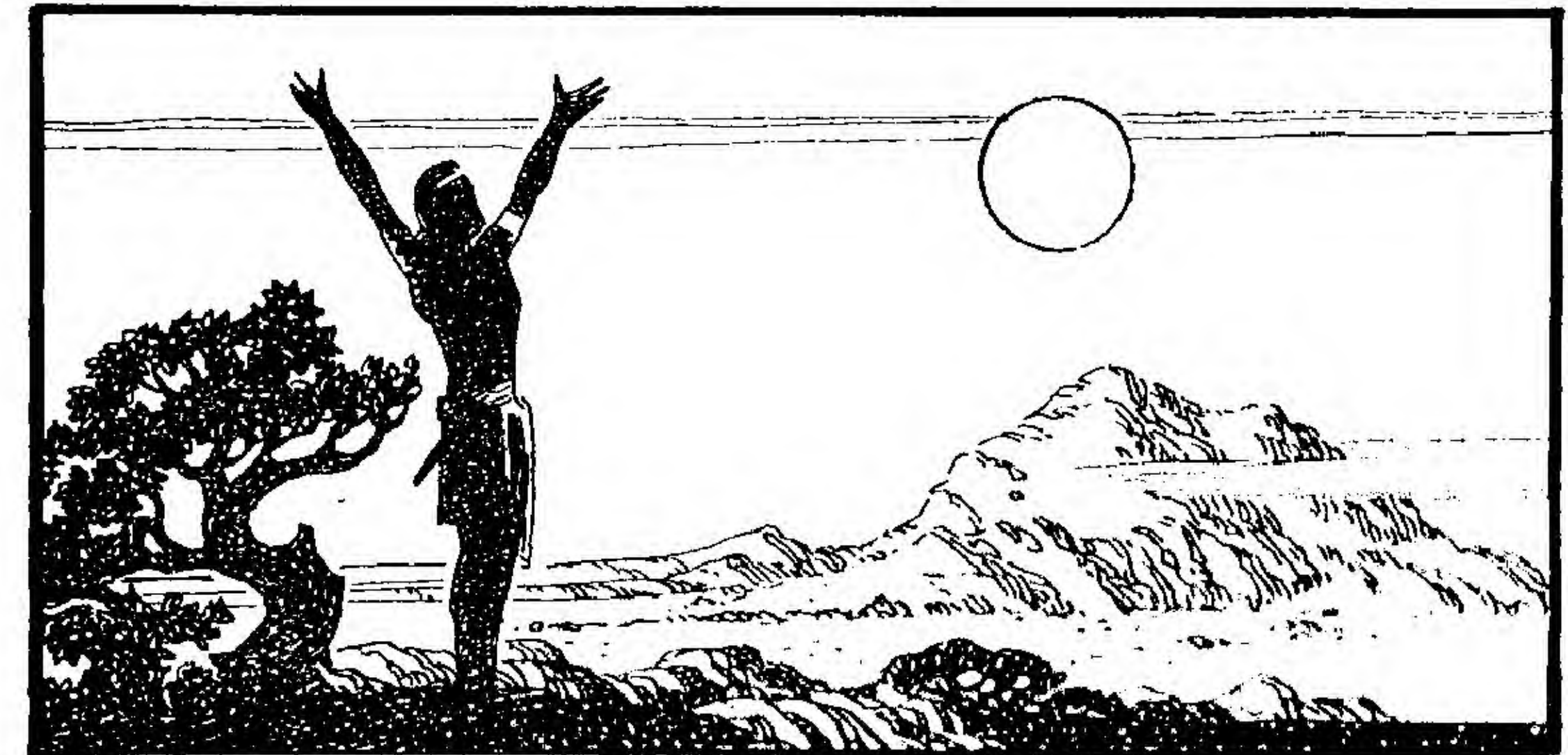
(Song of Southern Waters)

I
When Southland breezes gently blow
They bring wondrous thoughts to me,
Of one I knew with heart so true
In Dundee-by-the-Sea,
Where sighing waters roll along
To lull the town to sleep,
While out of the past like a song
Fond memories steal o'er the deep.

Cho.
Oh Southland breezes blow again
Bring back those days of old
For I have been recalling in vain
My dreams were left untold,
When she and I alone
Watched the moonbeams that fell
On scenes which others may have known,
But never 'neath that magic spell.

II

Where Southland blossoms breathe perfume
Like love's kiss of ecstasy,
The pale moonbeams still weave sweet dreams
That long have intrigued me.
And though the cherished hope is gone
And love's precious power,
How I wish that it might live on,
If only for this lonely hour.



THE SUN IS ONE

(As Araucanians Count)

From Andes Peaks grand to the windswept
strand—

There are but barren fields in view.
It is a drear land of an austere band,
Down where the dark Cape Horn storms brew!

Here in their crude ways red men spend their days
In southern Chile's cooler clime.
Here grows no ripe maize—too wan the cloud-
bathed rays—
Too short the fleeting summertime.

Numerals none he knows—counts fingers and toes.
Bird's feet make two—with tail, one more.
Wherever he goes among friends or foes,
Dog's feet to him always make four.

'Tis an old proud race—foremost in the chase!
 Though it knows but to count a score,
 Theirs the noble grace that has found a place
 In history forevermore.

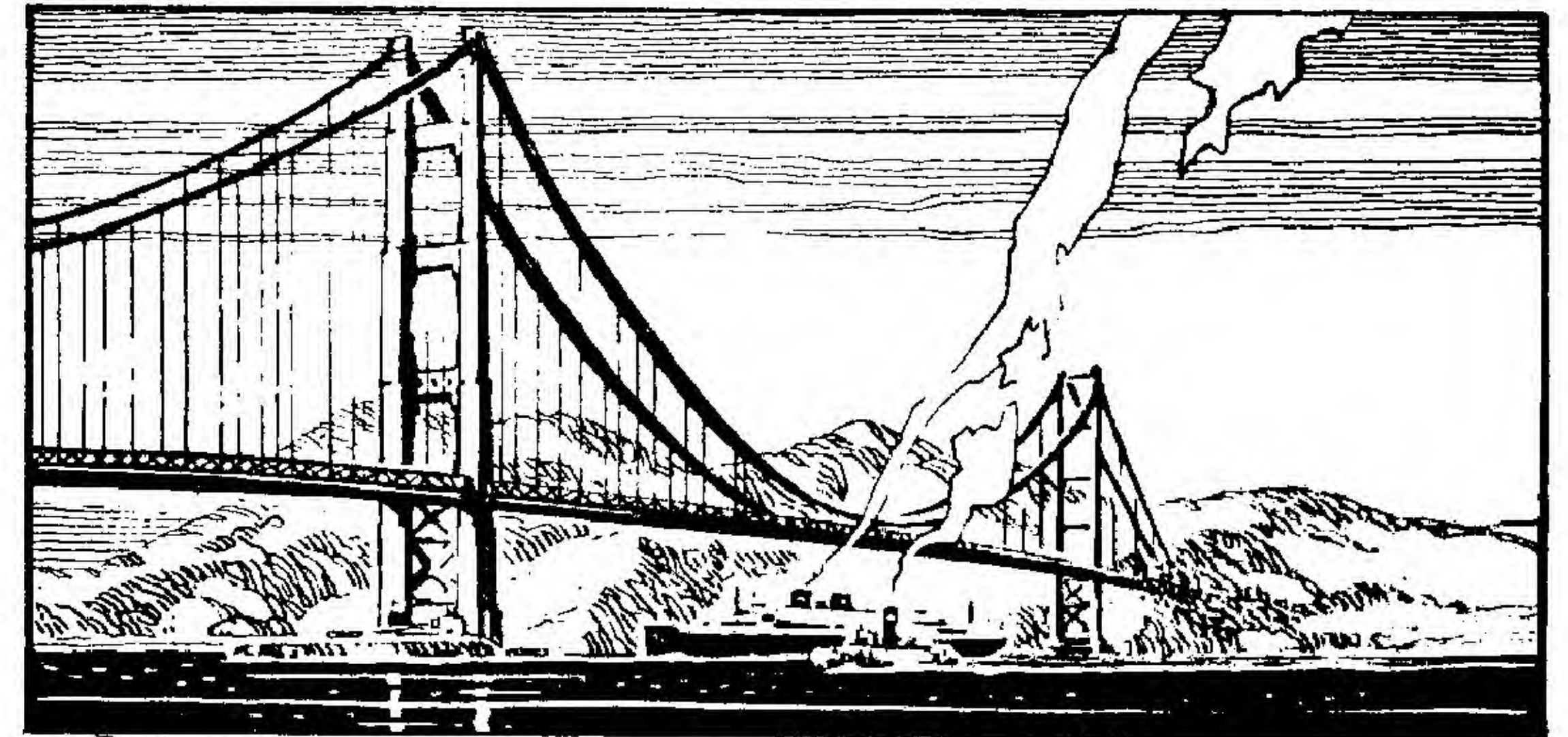
Theirs the hardihood which has long withstood
 Those lords who would hold them in thrall.
 Them men bode no good—strove as long they could
 To bring about their dire downfall.

When out of hills poured the great Incan horde
 To crush the wastelands' rugged men,
 The Inca's reward was the keen edge sword—
 The Inca dared not strike again!

You whose cost is small, or nothing at all
 For the things that cannot be bought,
 Will you hear the call to guard your own wall
 Against the Fabian onslaught?

You who have the will and the whiteman's skill,
 Will you be less staunch and bold
 Than those who know still the might and the thrill
 Of the unfettered men of old?

Count not the day done 'till once more we have won
 The freedom that ours used to be.
 Strive from sun to sun that ere life has run
 You and I will again be free.



PAULA SET A PLATE FOR ME

Paula, set a plate for me
 For I'm coming out to see
 California where I'm told
 Skies are bluest—sands are gold!

There I'll see the rugged range
 Crystal creeks and rocks so strange—
 Minarets, Cathedral Spires—
 Deserts rimmed with sunset fires!

Ages we have had to wait
 For a gaze of Golden Gate
 That leads to a land of dreams
 Great visions, colossal schemes.

By the sea I'll not stay long—
 Lure of the land is too strong,
 And I'll want to see the maze
 Wove from green of wildwood ways.

Where men turn the streams around;
 Grow their gold from fertile ground;
 Where from the country to town
 Man turns seasons upside down—

Ah that is the land to see!
 Paula, set a plate for me
 For I will come soon or late
 O'er the bridge of Golden Gate.



FAIRY FLOWERS

Pink slippers on bright stems of green—
 I'm sure the fairies make them grow.
 Long I have wished to see the queen
 Wear them when dogwood blossoms blow.

I'd love to see if it be true
 That fairies sip the dawn's dew wine
 From buttercups or bottles blue
 Where tree screened sun beams dancing shine.

I'd love to hear their whimsey song
 That sings of strange and airy ways,
 And I would love to tag along
 And spend with them the balmy days.

Oh fairies fear not for your blooms—
 Enjoy your dance and nectar sup.
 I'll not disturb your leafy rooms
 Nor break a single buttercup.

CAPTIVE KINGS

Deep within the northern wild
Captives stand unreconciled!
Even as they flaunt their branches
Where the dark woods meet the ranches
Dressed in all their quaint regalia
They still dream of their Australia.

Stretching toward the sunny sky
Gently, softly low they sigh:

"From our clan 'Eucalyptus'
To this land you have shipped us.
Though you have trimmed us and clipped us
Been so patient and so kind,
We won't bloom until it's spring—

Spring

Down

Under'.

All your California

Wind

Rain and

Thunder

Will not make us change our mind.

"Take your bud of rose, azalia
But this you still must remember
We are the kings of Australia,
We will not bloom till November!"



I CAN RECALL

The house is gone we once called home!
Long tenantless it tumbled down.
It happens whene'er people roam
And find allure in a big town.

Beside the road where the house stood
The maple trees rose straight and tall.
These still stand as in our boyhood—
These and the guarding stone built wall.

There's a new cottage 'neath those trees.
It's the same old road which runs by—
It's the same buoyant upland breeze,
And the same clear New England sky.

I can recall when gales blew strong.
We, tucked under a feather bed
Would lie awake and ponder long
While tossing boughs groaned overhead.

Then we would gravely vow some day
We'd chop those trees down one by one,
And plant but shrubs along the way
Instead of trees to catch the sun.

But when the sap began to flow
Those noisy trees would make amends.
Like a drum corps in martial row—
"Tap-drap-tap" was the best of friends.

When cakes with syrup graced the board
We knew we were not hard to please,
And we would say with one accord:
"The maple is the best of trees!"



AMONG DAKOTA'S HILLS

No crumbling stone—no mellow rock
The sculptor seeks where to reveal
The foremost men of hardy stock
Who served their country with rare zeal.

Among Dakota's hills so grand
The storms of time that never cease
Touch lightly mighty crags that stand
Where Borglum carves his masterpiece!

What if stone is a toilsome page?
How could a truly mindful son
Forget in this the golden age
The blessings that the brave fathers won?

Look up all you patriots true!
Where once the bare rock outward spread
There valient men have come in view.
Their deeds still live—they are not dead.

Our Washington warns of foreign foe,
Who would assail our shores again;
While Jefferson would have us know
That tyrants rise 'mongst thoughtless men.

Our Lincoln pleads for greater faith
In boundless power of the right
To hold intact the Ship of State,
And overcome opposing might.

There's Roosevelt who could inspire
His fellow man to seek high goals,
And hold to a wholesome desire,
And not to plead for grants and doles.

Oh Carver of the Noble Brow,
Hath ever other dreamer known
Such inspiration as yours now
To carve life into lifeless stone?

[50]



WHEN LEAVES COME DOWN

When the sun at the end of day
Is going down
Is going down—
Then, Jean and Patsie stop your play
And don't you frown,
And don't you frown.

Haste, Jean and Patsie—don't tarry long.
The moon will rise,
The moon will rise.
Drink your fresh milk—grow big and strong,
And good and wise
And good and wise.

A nice warm room for little girls
When nights are cool
When nights are cool
And let your mother fix your curls.
Be neat for school.
Be neat for school.

[51]

If you gaze through your window wide
With coming night,
With coming night
You may see fairy folk outside
In bright starlight,
In bright starlight.

From trees dyed green, red and brown
On drifting leaf—
On drifting leaf,
The fairies come gliding down,
To greet their chief,
To greet their chief.

Like autumn leaves of colors gay,
Across the lawn,
Across the lawn
They dance but with the break of day
They will be gone,
They will be gone.

At morn when you see everywhere
Leaves rare of hue,
Leaves rare of hue,
You may know folk that gathered there
Danced just for you,
Danced just for you.



WILLING HANDS

This the land that is my own—
One grandfather claimed for me
For he had another known
One which lays beyond the sea.

Hard grandfather toiled each day,
Toiled and all the while he smiled.
Those who knew how small his pay
To ask him why were beguiled.

"Other lands where I have dwelled
Have been under despot's reign,
And where king his sway has held
All toil and thrift are in vain.

"Here one's free to come and go
Through the wide and boundless lands,
'Tis not just to toil, you know—
It must be with willing hands."

With a sparkle in each eye
Everyone now understands.
There's no reason for a sigh
When you work with willing hands.

THE OPEN GATE

Green's the tree-lined lane that's hailing
All who pass to stop to rest
Red's the rose-twined skein that's trailing
O'er the bluebird's hidden nest.
'Tis springtime and blue above!
'Tis springtime and time for love!
Still I stand and wait but enter never
Where the open gate is calling ever.

Why cannot I follow after
Where my heart is wont to go?
Why does spring that brings but laughter
Root me like the trees that grow?
'Tis not right the nymphs of spring
Promise me everything,
Yet my inmost call are never heeding
When I would go where my heart is leading.



SONG OF THE HILLS

(To tune "I'm Longing" written for the author
by Leo Friedman)

I

To westward the green hills rise,
Nigh to the blue sunny skies
Where the highland road winds boldly thru
That leads upward e'er upward,
Lucille, to Glen Lael and you;
Far from the city's mad surging tide,
Far from the busy mill,
Far from the noises shrill;
Here where the air is pure
And true friendships endure,
Here where the good folk abide.

Cho.

Your sweet smile is like a song
With an old enchanting rhyme
That makes no road seem too long—
No hill too high to climb.
Oh no hill too high, Lucille!
No road too long to Glen Lael,
To you, Lucille, my own—
The sweetest girl I've known.

II

Beyond the vale the hills rise,
On these lift up your bright eyes.
Here we'll live you and I long years thru
In happiness together—
For I will always love you
'Till the world is old and stars grow cold'
Free from the petty cares,
Free from beguiling snares,
Up where the clouds roll by
Up 'neath a clear blue sky,
Till angel robes us enfold.

ORGANIC ALCHEMY

The glow of blooming Golden Glow
Ere time can its leaf gold erase,
With magic of the things that grow
Can turn to gold a silver vase.

The goodness of your being so true
That is of you the fullest part,
As it beams and transfigures you
It leaves its glow upon my heart.

Though you should but so lightly brush
Against the rose that's bending near,
It will implant its velvet blush
Upon your rosy cheek so dear.

The tender smile you have for me,
The love your casual words disclose—
They too can leave for all to see
The heartfelt glow of caressing rose.



STRAYED DAYS

No drums of warriors roll to stir
The tenants of the wilderness
Where matted vine and virgin fir
Still sigh of Nature's tenderness.

For me the ruffed grouse once stole near
To beat a booming drum call bold
As if to mock skies calm and clear
That oft the spring storm clouds enfold.

In memory the scent is strong
By musky marsh where woodlands spread
For feathered friends to freely throng
And where earth-bound feet dare not tread.

The land's hush is deep as the sky
Save where the keen-eyed birds cry out
To signal the wee folk who're nigh
That strangers are somewhere about.

Though memories prevade the mind
The scenes of past years to unroll.
To fill hearts with urge undefined
Or wake a weary dreaming soul:

At last I know and am dismayed
The fondest hopes that have been mine
Bring back not one day that has strayed
Nor smooth a wrinkled brow, one line.

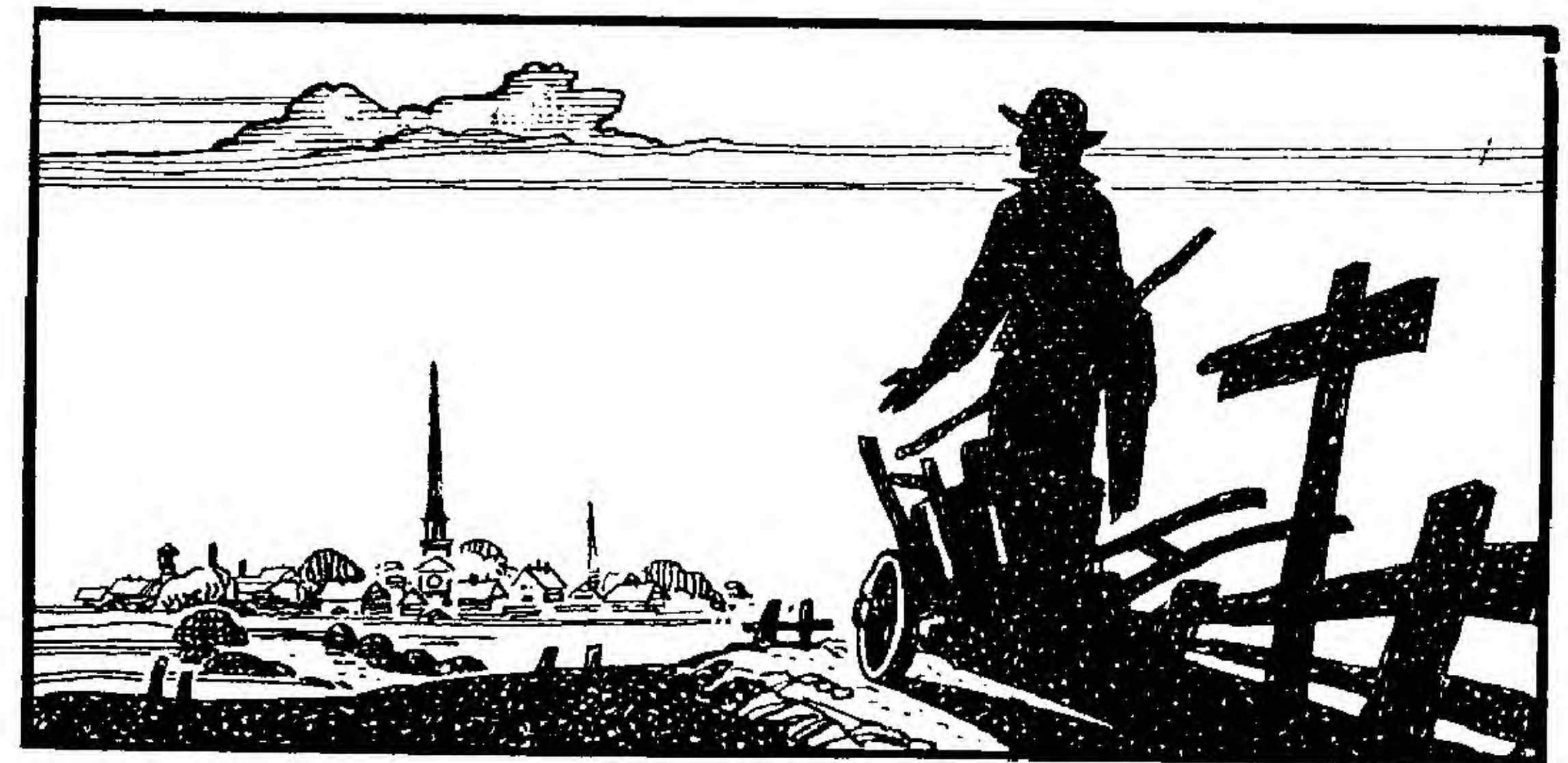
SOMEDAY

I have never heard the grass grow
But there are some who have, I know—
Have heard spring's call of life below.

Oh many have found their true love.
Mine has fled, like a turtle dove,
Out of reach and so high above.

And I have never heard dawn break,
But I have seen grey morn awake
Its creatures to its bosom take.

Someday I will hear dawn break blue,
I'll know then my dreams have come true,
I'll know at last I have found you.



WALLED

Thrice I knocked at your barred city gate.
Your haven I had hoped would be mine,
But you let me stand and wait and wait
Wherefore I could never quite devine.

Thrice I called aloud as I stood near.
No sound was heard—no distracting din.
It seemed rather clear that you could hear
If you would have had me enter in.

Was there a city I loved as you
Who watch over my elders who sleep
The e'erlasting sleep the long years through
Whose number only the angels keep?

Are you too proud of years that have fled
To see the greatness the years can bring?
Are dreams of a fairer city dead—
Dreams to which the many fondly cling?

Once you warmly welcomed all who came,
 And you bid them stay and find a home.
 And now to your everlasting shame
 You send them away to further roam.

Bidding you farewell, there'll be no tears
 That you would not hear me when I called.
 I'll think of you as in former years—
 I knew you once when you were not walled!



YOU CAN MEND IT

The master now no longer thrilled
 The hearts of all who passed his way.
 His treasured violin was stilled
 And mute for many a long day.

The winter snows came white and cold—
 Then balmy springtime came once more,
 And summer sun shown bright as gold;
 No strains streamed from the open door.

A lassie came and snuggled near
 To him who now scarce cared to stir
 Until the words of gentle cheer
 Began to soothe like breath of myrrh.

"I'll not play it, my lass, today.
 The worn strings are all tuneless now.
 Since the day my loved one went 'way
 To tune them I know hardly how."

"But, Mister—you can play it still,
My daddy says you really can,
And you can mend it, if you will.
My daddy knows—he's a good man."

"I'll try to mend it just for you.
And I'll play it for you a while.
For it seems to be surely true—
It is hard to resist a smile.

"It's tuned and ready now to play.
To bring back the old songs, I'll try,
But the chords of my heart—not they
Will thrill as in the years gone-by.

"Would I had the faith and will
To look ahead and not only back—
That I might be contented still
Though there's something I seem to lack."

"But, Mister, if she hears your song
Some day she will come back to you.
She'll stay, I know and stay so long
Because that is what I would do."

"My Bonnie never will return
But it is my most constant prayer
That when Life's Light has ceased to burn
I will be sure to journey there.

"Enough of one who still complains—
Yours is the age but to rejoice,
And even my violin's strains
Would o'erwhelm a complaining voice.

"When I mused thoughtless in despair
You made me see that I was wrong.
And you should not my sorrow share
But that I should share in your song.

"This, Lassie, is the lesson you bring
As I can very clearly see.
While I replaced the broken string
You healed a broken heart for me."

THE BUDDER BOUGH

Good dads are made for boys who seek
The wonders young folks all envision.
Our dad though firm, yet kind and meek
Sped us happily on our mission.

When boys are dreamers fathers weave
The web that holds fond hearts together.
To see strange things is to believe
There are sprites in foul and fair weather.

Each spring had undines to provide
The sparkling flow of cooling waters;
Each gloomy grove was made to hide
The Woodland King's entrancing daughters.

Like gems in folds of silken sleeves,
The gold of ripened fruit was showing
Among the mass of quaking leaves,
Where other apples were green growing.

Why and wherefore need not be told—
Scientific truths hold little meaning
When wood nymphs turn to luscious gold
The Sweet Bough among unripe Greening.

What but the dew from fairy flasks
Could make a Greening bear fruit golden?
Why speak of grafts and budding tasks?
'Tis magic of the days of olden!

Oh that elder eyes might still see
In grafted bough with apples laden
The sight of Hesperides' tree
With fruit for lad or fairest maiden.

ON READING POEMS OF LI PO

(About his picturesque China)

Po Chu and Sage Tu Fu have praised Li Po
In the broad land of unremembered years
Where waters of the deep Han seaward flow
Mid fruitful fields by the steep "Mount of Tears."

On this ridge was bestowed this name
When townsmen saw the tears of Yang Hu
As he wept: "How brief is man's fame—
The hills will stand the ages through!"

The long years pass—a thousand come and go.
The aging world is proud still to recall
The lyric themes of the renowned Li Po
Who dwelt in the land south of the Great Wall.

He who by Kiang sat to write a song
To glorify the jeweled land of Chin
Will be loved and remembered as long
As greatest lord or his wealthiest kin.

Who would leave when the lotus are abloom?
Who when about the palace of fair Wu
The gardens send forth flower stilled perfume,
And singing swallows come home two by two?

Now Tze Tung has called to the fray
The youth from his field and his stream;
Has blast his hope and peaceful day
And shattered his most cherished dream.

The grass grows green in far off Yen,
The willows softly sigh in Chin—
But Chosen knows no peaceful glen.
It's a land of discord and din.

It is flame of war and time of sorrow,
And it is hard for youth to understand
Life with yesterdays but no tomorrow,
And death in that cold lone and foreign land.

The cruel cold bites in bleak December—
Relentless sun burns red in cloudless June,
The dying man from Han can remember
But knows no more the beam of friendly moon.

A thousand years, songs of Li Po
Have drifted thru the vale of time—
The weary soldiers all well know
The vines that will shortly climb

To green the freshly gravetorn earth anew
Will not be vines, verdant vines of Yen,
But far from the calm drowsing land of Wu
There will be unmarked graves of nameless men.

Chu and Fu and many more too
Will long praise the name of Li Po,
But who in all the land of Wu
Will seek the graves no man can know?